

Lil' Zane, M.O.N.E.Y

What? What?
Money stretch
Lil' Zane, what'cha saying?
ATL's finest, what? What?

Man you can check my lifestyle
And see that I'm quite wild
Seven twenty-eight night child
Universal and versatile
You study my style
Trying to live spiritual
And y'all looking now
I can see right now
Y'all will never understand me
I call my best friend my family until they cross me
Alcohol and weed cost me
So I limit it
Running niggas over like Emmitt did without a squad
Drag you about a hundred yards
Many bumps and scars
Pull out in the hottest cars with my entourage
Smoke more L's than DeBarge
With connects worldwide like Macintosh
I practice living large
Niggas out of town don't understand these kids (say what?)
Niggas comin' to get me can't find where I live
I got two or three cribs stack the mill in the mill
Y'all get none of this dough shit y'all fiends stay ill

Money stretch like a rubber band
So wrap the grands up
Catz got beef with me
Go call your menz up
Coming up unexpected
Fucking your plans up
Bustin' rounds lay it down
It's not a game
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Catz got beef with me
Go call your menz up
Coming up unexpected
Fucking your plans up
Bustin' rounds lay it down
Now throw your hands up

Name rings up in Hollywood
But I'mma true nigga, I'mma stay Hollywood
I never change, might be a little busy though
A little nigga from a big ass city yo
I love the dough
Give me hits, give me more chips
I stay legit so the feds can't tell me shit
I came in with nothing to lose
Now I put my heart into making you move
I'm far flung
And the charts say I'm number one
You number two nigga
Check on the Billboard
Who under who nigga?
Far from an amateur, a money maker
Leave your chick alone with me
I bet I'll take her
The game's taught me one thing

Don't let her break you
Money make the world go 'round
And the girls go down
And even paralyzed niggas gonna feel me now
For you nerds that study my words, ya heard

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Bustin' rounds lay it down
(None of us fuck around)
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Now throw your hands up

You steady being on the corner right
Niggas ain't seen me in a while
You probably thought I died
You devils love to see a nigga down and teary eyed
I call you idiot cause you don't know me really yet
I'm from the ghetto and getting dough is all I know
I'm on the low
I'm a mystery to 5-0
Cause they don't know
Damn my check is caught in studio
Business is lovely, see me in the videos
Bitches wanna fuck me
Worldwide nigga ride
I'mma about to go to where some people call the other side
And live my life in paradise, keep my family tight
But I can't keep the way I'm going
If the dough ain't right
My last days I can't live my life inside a cage
I'm getting money and you hataz don't do nothing for me
Either you with me or against me
Nigga let it show
I get the dough non-stop when the track's hot
And you know
What? Now what?
I ain't even gonna rhyme no more
Y'all get the picture

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